

THE STAR

An International Magazine



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THE STAR

A Monthly Magazine dealing with the problems and expressions of life.

FLORENCE DOMBEY SHREVE, *Editor*

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Power

The following lines were kindly written by Rabindranath Tagore at the request of Krishnamurti.



WHEN from the principle of Power we arrive at the principle of Beauty, we at once understand that all this while, we have been offering incense at the wrong shrine; that Power grows bloated on the blood of its victims only to perish of surfeit; that try as we may by adding to armies and armaments, by increasing the number and variety of naval craft, by heaping up our share of the loot of war, arithmetic will never serve to make true that which is untrue; that at the end we shall die crushed under the weight of our multiplication of things.

When the Rishi, Yajnavalkya, on the eve of his departure, offered to leave his wife Maitreyi well-established upon an enumeration of what he had gathered together during his life, she exclaimed: "What am I to do with these, which are not of the immortal spirit?"

Of what avail is it to add and add and add? By going on increasing the volume of pitch of sound we can get nothing but a shriek. We can gain music only by restraining the sound and giving it the melody of the rhythm of perfection.

Man grows gigantic by the appropriation of everything for himself: he attains harmony by giving himself up. In this harmony is peace,—never the outcome of external organization or of coalition between power and power,—the peace which rests on truth and consists in curbing of greed, in the forgiveness of sympathy.

—Rabindranath Tagore.



An Address to the Women of India

By J. Krishnamurti



AS AROUND a well, whether it be in the village or in a town, people of every quality, of every type gather together to collect water from that well, so it is with life. If we do not understand clearly for ourselves what is life, then the expression of that life, the manifestation of that life, will be confused by misunderstanding. There will be corruption, disquietude and lack of peace. Since the quantity of water drawn up by each individual varies, we must concern ourselves for the moment with the individual, because I want to show again that if the individual is not capable of tackling life himself or herself,—when I say *himself* please include all the women because there is no such thing as man and woman from my point of view,—if he is not capable of understanding life, he will create chaos around him. Wherever he goes, wherever he may settle down, he will always create pain, trouble, suffering.

So I want, if I can, to show that as the waters are drawn from the well and the quantity of that water depends on the individual strength of each drawer of water, so to understand life depends on the individual struggle for expression and that understanding of life, whatever it be. Please do not think I am going to talk a very complicated philosophy because I want to show life and not to talk philosophy. The moment life becomes philosophy you put a limitation upon it. After all, philosophy is a system, and life cannot be systematized. Because we have done it and are doing it throughout the world, trying to regulate life by system, by gods, by morality, by laws without understanding, there is assuredly from that lack of understanding a continuous struggle to break away from the limitation placed upon life by man. Therefore we must concern ourselves for the present with making the individual draw the water of life from his well so as to encourage the fullest capacity; so that he, for himself, will be able to draw sufficient to nourish not only himself but everyone.

If we draw little water from the pool of life, our understanding of life is limited and hence there is sorrow, and if we have the capacity to draw a great volume of water, a great mass from that pool of

cultivate that intelligence which is the discriminating in the essential and the unessential, so that through the revolt thus created we may choose that which is better, the lasting rather than the fleeting, light rather than darkness.

Having all that in mind let us apply it to ourselves. I am concerned only with the individual, because the individual creates the nation; the individual creates around him unhappiness, sorrow, strife, and if the individual has understood loveliness and has become a portion of that loveliness he will establish peace and understanding wherever he goes. Bearing all that in mind you will have to examine what is taking place around yourselves, whether you can apply that intelligence to your actions, to your life, to your thoughts, to your works. So at once tradition goes overboard. Tradition of thought, of feeling, of action has nothing to do with your understanding of life, with your freedom of life. What is tradition in the narrow sense of the word? It is based on thoughtlessness. Look at all the traditions that corrupt this country. They are all born out of the thoughtlessness of the individual. Because some person, however wise, however full of wisdom he may have been, said something, we take his word and it becomes law. Whether we understand it or not, it is for us law, and because we do not understand it, it is corruption. We have first to consider tradition with regard to education, tradition which is thoughtlessness, with regard to education. Why do you want to pass examinations, or your child to pass examinations? You will say, one must earn money. What difference after all does it make whether one earns Rs. 100 or Rs. 1000 if he is not intelligent, if he creates misery, chaos about him? What is the good of passing examinations if they create misery? That is what we are doing. We do not want people to think for themselves; we want them to turn out as machines in millions and they do not become intelligent. They may become lawyers, but that is not what is wanted nowadays. You want to have intelligence to struggle with life, not cleverness to be superior to another; intelligence which gives the capacity to choose between the beautiful and the ugly. With that in mind look at your examinations, your studies, your children. Out of the lack of true education we have all the inequalities, the tyrannical evils of child marriage, widowhood and all the cruelties that go with it. And after all what is the good of your educated B.A.'s and M.A.'s who earn Rs. 1000 per month, if they in their

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life, our understanding of that life will be greater and hence greater happiness and desire to understand life. Therefore the more you draw the waters of life for yourself, the greater and the more certain your happiness.

Happiness is not content. It is not apathy which is relegated to the realm of stagnation. This is not happiness. The happiness to which I refer is dynamic, not static, and cannot be passive. As a river that keeps its source always fresh, and feeds the land, making its way quietly with great urge towards that freedom which is the sea; so with each one of us. We must establish for ourselves that centre of life, that love of life which must manifest itself in our actions. I want you, if you do not mind, to follow this point because if it is not clear my whole argument ceases. Life cannot be bound either by tradition, by philosophy or by religion. I want to show that life is far greater, far more vitalizing, lovely, glorious than philosophy, religion or the narrowing morality established by society, because if there is not the understanding of that life which is the only thing that is of value, that is of the eternal, then what you build, what you create about you, cannot last. And therefore you must find out what is life, and how to express it, how to set about manifesting that love of life in your daily actions.

What is life? It is thought, emotion expressed, manifested in daily action. That is life and nothing else but that. Therefore please do not bring forth your philosophical ideas. The moment your thought or emotion is harmonized there is happiness. The moment there is confusion of one's thought and emotion, there is disharmony and misery. If that is clear in your minds and hearts, then your emotions, your daily thoughts or daily deeds and everything will correspond to the love of life. Thought cannot be bound. Try, for example, to put a limitation on your thoughts, or on your life. You cannot control it. It is like a wind that blows through the valley. You cannot hold it in a garment, nor can you gather the waters of the sea in your fist. You will find throughout the world, whether in this country or in Europe, there is always a limitation imposed by fear, by authority, upon thought and upon emotion and hence life expresses itself in a confused competitive world, though the purpose of life is progress,—what you call in philosophical terms evolution. Now progress is an ever increasing, ever broadening purpose of life. You cannot call a person progressive if he is bound by limitation, by tradition, if his emotions are in the bond-

age of personal ambition. Progress must be an ever increasing purpose of life, life being thought and emotion. In the majority of the people progress is having great possessions; having a Rolls Royce, desiring a Rolls Royce if you have a Ford; having a great house and many servants. That is not progress. It is like a branch of a tree which if it is healthy will have many leaves. Our principal concern is to consider if the sap of the tree is healthy and strong so that it will destroy by its vitality the dead branch of thought and emotions. As a bud bursts heavenwards to the clear skies from limitation to liberation so must life break its bondages of limitation; for in limitation there is sorrow, in fulfilment there is happiness. That is the first thing you need to bear in mind, that when life, which is thought and emotion, is not held in bondage then there is creative happiness, and when there is limitation of life there cannot be anything but sorrow, misery, corruption. Look at the bud of a rose; it is in bondage, struggling to express itself in its fulfilment which is the lovely rose. Our purpose is to put life in revolt, that is to break the bondages imposed on life. Look throughout the world how everyone is beginning to break from the old tradition and established order. Everywhere there is this desire to experiment with life, not to be held in bondage by tradition, not to be controlled, dominated by authority, but to gain experience and from that to learn understanding.

After all what is the good of one's living in misery, continually dominated by external authorities. You may have your gods, go to your temples, perform innumerable rites but if there is within you that continual agony, continual longing to fulfill life, you are not fulfilling the purpose of life, and there is sorrow and the strife of desire. A progressive man must be in revolt and that revolt must express itself in your daily life, otherwise it is of no value. As through a fevered valley fresh breezes blow and bring clear air, purity of life, so through your mind and heart revolt must burn. Otherwise there is confusion. It does no good to revolt unintelligently. Intelligence is not cleverness. Most people think that by passing examinations they have acquired intelligence, that they can go out into the world and struggle. Book knowledge does not give you the understanding of life. Intelligence does. What is intelligence? It is the capacity to distinguish through culture what is lasting and essential from the fleeting and unessential. That is intelligence.

The education of ourselves and everyone about us must be to

cultivate that intelligence which is the discriminating in the essential and the unessential, so that through the revolt thus created we may choose that which is better, the lasting rather than the fleeting, light rather than darkness.

Having all that in mind let us apply it to ourselves. I am concerned only with the individual, because the individual creates the nation; the individual creates around him unhappiness, sorrow, strife, and if the individual has understood loveliness and has become a portion of that loveliness he will establish peace and understanding wherever he goes. Bearing all that in mind you will have to examine what is taking place around yourselves, whether you can apply that intelligence to your actions, to your life, to your thoughts, to your works. So at once tradition goes overboard. Tradition of thought, of feeling, of action has nothing to do with your understanding of life, with your freedom of life. What is tradition in the narrow sense of the word? It is based on thoughtlessness. Look at all the traditions that corrupt this country. They are all born out of the thoughtlessness of the individual. Because some person, however wise, however full of wisdom he may have been, said something, we take his word and it becomes law. Whether we understand it or not, it is for us law, and because we do not understand it, it is corruption. We have first to consider tradition with regard to education, tradition which is thoughtlessness, with regard to education. Why do you want to pass examinations, or your child to pass examinations? You will say, one must earn money. What difference after all does it make whether one earns Rs. 100 or Rs. 1000 if he is not intelligent, if he creates misery, chaos about him? What is the good of passing examinations if they create misery? That is what we are doing. We do not want people to think for themselves; we want them to turn out as machines in millions and they do not become intelligent. They may become lawyers, but that is not what is wanted nowadays. You want to have intelligence to struggle with life, not cleverness to be superior to another; intelligence which gives the capacity to choose between the beautiful and the ugly. With that in mind look at your examinations, your studies, your children. Out of the lack of true education we have all the inequalities, the tyrannical evils of child marriage, widowhood and all the cruelties that go with it. And after all what is the good of your educated B.A.'s and M.A.'s who earn Rs. 1000 per month, if they in their

turn leave behind them a trail of sorrow in their children, in their wives. We do not have to consider philosophy; whether God exists; which religion is better than the other. There is no religion greater than thought and life emotion. To understand how to give thought freedom so that revolt burns the dross of thoughtlessness you will have to apply intelligence to everything in your life. Intelligence is what you have to apply to education first of all. How are you going to alter classes, the passing of terrible examinations? Do not say how can we do it if we have not the money or the capacity. If you really want to do it, the first question is are you sufficiently in revolt? Then the money, and the capacity will come.

A very great friend of mine, a great sculptor in France, conducts classes in the art of modeling, to which come all types of people. I once went with him. All his students were modeling in clay a person. He stopped them all, and said: "Is this your creative self-expression? If it is not, drop it. If it is not your love of creation that compels you to come here, if you have not that love, do not come." And that is why if you have not the revolt to alter, the revolt born of intelligence, of culture, then everything becomes different. You must have that thought-flame of creativeness which destroys thoughtlessness, which is tradition. Apply that to all the evils of the social community until established traditions which have become so cruel, so monstrous, gradually disappear. Take the question of child marriage. You know all the evils of it. Any one can tell you what a terrible thing it is, how monstrous it is. It is like taking a tender bud and tearing it petal after petal before the flower opens. It is the individual point of view that counts. You allow your daughters to marry too young. Your fathers allow this thing to go on. Out of child marriage there is this extraordinary thing called widowhood. Nowhere else does it exist except in this land of cruelty; cruel because thoughtless people live in it. Widowhood has become a monstrous thing, a class by itself. I know a small girl who is twelve years old and she is a widow. She will never know the loveliness of a quiet home, she will never know the love of children, she will never have the companionship, the delight of children and husband. And yet you put up with it. You have not the courage to protest and from that protestation build. Yet that is the only thing that matters; not your traditions, the cruel thoughtlessness. You all shake your heads, cry; but what is the good of it if you allow it to go on; if you merely sit still in the

burning sunlight and say "I want shade, cool comfort." It is because you have listened for so many years to tradition which is thoughtlessness that there is this burning sun in this land, that there is no shade. It is like stagnant pools that have a green scum on their waters. They do not see the clear reflection of the lovely sky. The thing that throws a shadow across the face of each one is thoughtlessness and corrupt feeling. Things which are corrupt by thoughtfulness will be made straight, not by obedience to authority, to tradition, however sacred that tradition may be, however weighty that authority may be. I do not want to go into all the innumerable details of our thoughtlessness in daily life, but if you have that awakened intelligence that can only come through experience, through continual putting aside all the useless things and clinging to the essential, then you will put away those things that corrupt the mind and heart. Look into any temple of all the religions of the world and you will see few hold the knowledge even if they have the authority. Few seem to know the truth of the fullness of life.

Therefore to express that life there must be the love of life which is thought and emotion. There must be a manifestation, an expression of that in daily life. You must have that perception at first and then translate it into action; and when you see that life cannot be bound by tradition, by pretense, then there is born that love of life which is thought and emotion, and whatever you do with that love of life there will be the creativeness of greatness, of order in chaos; for that love of life is not as the love of man and woman. It has no limitations; has no philosophy; is not bound in the terrible bondage of any religion. That is the thing which each one has to struggle to find out, that freshness that comes with the dawn.

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• A Liberally Educated Man

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—*Huxley.*

Awakening India

By Margaret E. Cousins, Mus. Bac.

There has been much discussion of late on the status of the women of India. Books have been written and controversies waged in which they have been depicted as victims of a degraded system on the one hand, and forerunners of the new age on the other. Perhaps no controversy of recent years has brought out more contradictory statements than this one on the position of the Indian woman of today. Mrs. Cousins, an Irish woman by birth, has lived in India for twelve years and during that time has been closely associated with the domestic and political lives of its women. She knows whereof she speaks and we are glad to give the readers of *The Star* a specially prepared synopsis of her recent lectures in the United States. Mrs. Cousins gives unqualified tribute to the gentle, modest, capable and spiritual character of the Indian people who have so preciously gifted her with their friendship.—EDITOR.



INDIA holds the record for being the country which, in the shortest space of time and with the least amount of discussion or opposition, has placed its womanhood in a position of entire political equality with its manhood. Only those who live for years in India and who sympathetically align themselves with the philosophical thought of the Indian people can understand how it is so easy for women to do what they desire in India. "Service" is the keynote of women's life there. The vote was not asked for by them as a "right," but as an "opportunity for service." When woman couches her desires in these terms nothing is denied to her by her Indian brothers. The belief in the doctrine of rebirth and the innate veneration for woman as "mother" have created an atmosphere which allows no hard and fast masculine monopoly or masculine superiority. She instanced this in the United Provinces (population, 50 millions) when the Resolution to grant women the suffrage on equal terms with men was before the Legislative Council. For two hours members of the Council piled up speeches of appreciation of women past, present and future, and

the Resolution was passed *unanimously*. The slogan in India is "A woman may do what she *can* do."

Indian women of all communities have wakened up, refreshed, after a dormancy of a century or so. They are the repositories of the purest Indian culture, tradition and outlook because they have been least influenced by western impacts. They show themselves eager to take advantage of public positions of power so that they may bring their thought to bear on the problems of their country.

They were not satisfied with the British system of education, so they held All-India Women's Conferences, drawing up Memoranda of needed educational reforms, and in those conferences they have demonstrated that amongst women there are no communal frictions or differences, that they have unlimited powers of organization, eloquence, statesmanship, and self-sacrifice.

From the Queen of a kingdom, the Muhammadan woman ruler of Bhopal, to the queen of a hut, through all classes, runs the same desire:—"give us and our men education, give us freedom to make our own laws, to have control over the money of India so that we may use it directly for pro-

moting mass education and mass movements for health and industry, instead of putting it into costly show buildings such as the New Delhi monuments of British Imperialism which have cost 45 million dollars at a time when only 2% of Indian women have had the educational facilities which confer literacy, and when the government has not yet built a single specialized hospital for children throughout the length and breadth of India!"

Statistics are bare, but they throw a light on conditions such as nothing else can. The following generalizations are eloquent testimony of the effort of India's womanhood.

There are six million more men than women in the total population. There is only one woman doctor for every million people. Only one girl in every ten thousand gets any High School education. Only 5 per cent of the Hindus are Brahmins, and these are the only people who considered

betrothal-marriage before 14 religiously binding on their girls. Medical researchers have placed the average age for first motherhood at 17 for all India. Girls who go through the Universities have in many cases headed the examination lists in Sanskrit, English, Law, and other subjects. There are eight women members of Parliament, fifty women magistrates, eighty municipal Councillors and a woman Deputy-President-Speaker of a Legislative Council.

During the period of transition, while the transfer of political power is being made to Indian hands, there is need in America for the expression of the spirit of universal kinship. International coöperation will be required for educational and medical projects of the many organizations of Indian women which are grappling with Indian problems, such as the Women's Indian Association of which the writer has been the secretary for the past seven years and which has the largest membership of women in India.

The Beloved

By Etta Gifford Young

I am in the world wide spaces,
I am in the haunts of the town,
I am where the wild wind races,
I am in the dark cloud's frown.

I am the crocus flowering,
And also its mantle of snow.
I am in the heat of noonday,
I am there in the afterglow.

I am *that* I Am, forever,
Ere Abraham was, am I,
I am the essence of mankind,
I am the sea, the soil, the sky.

I am the Life, in its chalice,
I am the Power to free,
I am the Beloved in you,
I am the Beloved in me.

Judges and the Law of Contempt

By Judge Leon R. Yankwich, J.D., LL.D

The action of Judge Frederick Walther of Cleveland in sentencing the editor and an editorial writer of the Cleveland Press to jail for contempt, because of an editorial criticising his action in granting an injunction in a certain case has been the subject of much discussion among legal authorities. Judge Leon R. Yankwich is an authority on the law of contempt. His recently published book, "Essays in the Law of Libel" contains a full discussion of the powers of courts in regard to constructive contempt. Judge Yankwich is of the opinion that the Cleveland incident merely serves to emphasize the fact that many are giving mere lip service to the doctrine of free speech. The remedy for the abuse of the contempt power, according to Judge Yankwich, lies in the adoption of a rule allowing truth, from justifiable motive, as a defense in constructive contempt, as it is now in libel. The following especially prepared article embodies these ideas.—EDITOR.



RECENT writer commenting pessimistically on the curtailments of freedom from expression says:

"The assumption that there should be liberty of speech, conscience and press is new. At the most one can count its age at not more than a century and a half, a brief span in the recorded history of humankind. We have no assurance that the assumption is more than a passing fad."

One need not subscribe to this statement and yet realize that we are far from living up to the full meaning of the concept of freedom of expression which is implied in the famous saying of a great Frenchman: "I disagree with every word you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it."

On the contrary,—there is a good deal of loose talk these days about "liberty" as contrasted with "license." Everyone seems intent on telling us that freedom does *not* mean license. Few, however, stop to inquire and define where freedom ends and license begins. Most of those who talk on the subject, if they were frank, would have

to admit that to them "license" means not a well-defined concept,—the boundaries of which can be strictly delimited,—but what to them for the time being, is objectionable.

If the constitutional inhibitions against abridgement of the freedom of the press, contained in American constitutions, are considered historically, it is evident that they mean more than immunity from restraint previous to publication. They are a positive injunction against curtailment and impairment of the right of expression, after it is made. They forbid the punishment of words as acts,—unless the words amount to *direct, not consequential*, incitement to act. They allow the utmost freedom of comment on public men and matters of public interest.

But even if we leave aside the restrictions imposed upon the freedom of the press during the war period, and some of the excrescences of that period, we find that even in peace time, the restrictions imposed upon the press by the law of contempt and the law of libel, make its freedom more of an ideal to be attained than a reality already attained.

I am not of those who would allow the malicious libeller to go unpunished. I realize with Bacon that

"Men's reputations are tender things, and ought to be like Christ's coat, without seam. Who can see worse days than he that yet living, doth follow the funeral of his reputation."

Nor am I of those who would deny the right of courts to punish *actual* interference with the administration of the law. But I object to some of the fictions which have grown up in these branches of the law and which shackle freedom of discussion.

Considering the question of contempt, we find:

Any comment on the conduct of a court or judge in, or on the merits or demerits of, a pending case is constructive contempt. It is contempt to comment on the evidence in a pending criminal prosecution. It is contempt to criticise the conduct of a judge or a court in a pending case. It is criminal contempt to publish a false and grossly inaccurate report of the proceedings of any court.

Truth is no defense to a charge of contempt.

Adverse comments by a newspaper, —no matter how true,—thus become punishable as contempt. By proceeding against them as contempts, publications which would not be a libel may yet be punishable as contempt. Not only the defense of truth, but the right of fair comment and criticism of public officials are thus done away with.

Just as in the law of civil libel truth, and in the law of criminal libel, truth and justifiable motive (by reason of public interest), are complete defenses, so a truthful publication should

never constitute contempt. We no longer penalize truth in the law of libel. We should *not* penalize it in the law of contempt.

Important as it is to safeguard the dignity of the courts, "handsome is as handsome does."

Not even courts have a right to *false reputations*.

Courts should be protected from the shafts and arrows of falsehoods.

But it is neither good ethics, nor good polity to throw around the courts a mantle to cover ugliness and sordidness and to make punishable as contempt, any attempt, however well-meaning, however well grounded on truth, to uncover it.

Years ago the Toledo Bee case, in which a prosecution for contempt was instituted six months after the publication of newspaper articles criticizing the issuance of an injunction by a federal court enjoining an ordinance establishing a three-cent fare; more recently, the cases against George R. Dale, editor of the Muncie (Ind.) Post-Democrat, the Shumaker case (also in Indiana), and the Cleveland case have served to focus attention on the problem. The Shumaker case, in particular, as a forerunner of the Cleveland case, showed the extent to which courts may go in punishing their critics. The Supreme Court of Indiana, in order to punish Shumaker, revived the discarded doctrine, enunciated in cases the authority of which had long been repudiated by courts and text-writers, that a publication may be a contempt even though the case to which it referred is no longer pending.

Even the Supreme Court of the United States, through Mr. Chief Justice Taft, said in a famous contempt

case that "the administration of justice by the courts is *not necessarily always wise.*"

Such being the case, courts should remember that "where the liberty of the press ends, there tyranny begins" The tremendous powers now given courts to punish for contempt should not be used except to prevent *actual* and direct obstruction of, or interference with, the administration of justice.

"The time is past, in the history of the world," wrote some years ago Justice David Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, "when any living man

or body of men can be set on a pedestal and decorated with a halo. True, many criticisms may be, like their authors, devoid of good taste, but better all sorts of criticism than no criticism at all. The moving waters are full of life and health; only in the still waters is stagnation and death."

In this view, long distance criticism should never be considered the interference with the administration of justice which it is the object of contempt to punish.

Social security with freedom lies this way.

Meditations on Attainment

By N. A. Courtright



RISHNAMURTI has said many times and in no uncertain terms, that no organization of any name, however sacred it might be to us, whether Church, Club or Society; that no book or other written or printed document, from whatever source or authority; that no teachings given out by any person were to be accepted in whole or in part, or accepted as Truth, or teachings to be followed, without first considering the nourishment offered for our sustenance, to determine, each man for himself, whether or not it is the Truth, in part or in whole; thereupon deciding whether or not to reject or accept it for the individual nourishment it contains.

This pronouncement of Krishnamurti's comes to many of us with a shock of surprise. We have for many years belonged to some group or organ-

ization with splendidly brilliant leaders and teachers who have supplied us with teachings and methods of training which we believed would lead us to the greatest possible heights of accomplishment.

Now there comes a younger leader (in physical years) who suggests other ideas of attainment than those which we formerly understood to be the necessary prerequisites for achieving the goal. He tells us that he has reached the end of the rainbow of human endeavor, that is liberation: he is now free. And we who have listened to his talks, who have the privilege of personal acquaintanceship, neither doubt nor question his assertion to that effect.

Some of us are confused, utterly confounded, at this new aspect of teaching which ignores the old paths up which others have climbed to the goal. He

states that neither teacher nor teachings are necessary; that such are but crutches upon which we lean; while the goal can only be reached by throwing away every support, every crutch, and walking entirely in one's own strength, on one's own feet to the goal, the Light shed on one's own path by the God within each one; that absolutely no outward assistance is necessary but apt to hinder; that experience is the only teacher.

I confess that I was among those who were puzzled. I meditated upon the two seemingly opposite teachings. I knew that unity was the foundation of all truth; hence the necessity to get behind the outer divergency to the hidden root, which I had faith to believe lay beneath both teachings. And as I meditated I seemed to glimpse mountain climbers of the mighty Alps; they were men linked by bonds which held them together as protection for each other to prevent plunges into the abysses far below, were any one to lose foothold. The foremost were guides, leaders who had themselves found the paths to the top, and consequently knew the way; those whom they were assisting to climb were adventurers who knew not the roads to the heights, who would have been lost at any point, if without the leading of these experienced guides. It was as though the leaders stopped to cut steps in the ice here and there for their own feet first, into which could be placed the feet of those behind. Some of the groups of climbers took even shorter cuts; in fact, each party seemed to follow its guides wherever they might lead, were the way longer or shorter. I could sense the feeling of reliance on those guides; for there was no fear—instead, the utmost confidence; the adventurers had an inner conviction that they would reach the

top along the path on which they were being taken by their leaders.

Suddenly they saw an airplane rise out of the depths below and soar upward until it rested on the heights toward which their own steps were bent.

All paused for a time. Some questioned the wisdom of their guides in leading them up the perilous paths of exertion, suffering and sacrifice; some wondered why they had not been told of the shorter, quicker, less dangerous way of reaching the top; some stated emphatically that they preferred the more laborious method of getting up—they liked the feel of the solid ground under their feet; they felt surer and safer. Still others discussed whether it would be wiser to continue onwards with the guides or to leave them and engage the airplane for the remainder of the climb or to abandon it in disgust, and leave the attempt to achieve the heights until some future time when they would know more certainly which was the better, safer, surer way.

I seemed to stand beside the joyous youth who was pilot of the airplane. Looking into his eyes, I could detect no wavering, no uncertainty—but the utmost assurance in his own power and ability to pilot his ship from the deepest valley below to the greatest heights above. He impressed upon us that we must not depend upon him as pilot; that we must do as he had done, locate our goal and travel to the goal, each for himself; that any dependence upon another in any shape or manner, was only delaying the exercise of the ability which is inherently within ourselves, and which it is possible to command for our purpose of attainment; that we believe in the power of God within. He said there is no other God without.

Then I seemed to see a radiance within him like a large, splendid white dia-

mond in his heart. It appeared to be a focal point for the rays of the solar spectrum and contained all colors of all rays. As the light streamed into the valley below there were people "tuning in," linking themselves to the radiance within his heart, with the rays streaming from above. And surely and certainly as the linking was accomplished were people drawn upwards, along each ray, towards the goal. There was a joyous burst of happy song; no other sound. The diamond was but a magnet which drew its own upward along the line of least resistance—for those who were capable of tuning in, in that way.

Then I remembered the existence of a Brotherhood of super-men,—men who have pledged themselves to uttermost sacrifice to aid humanity in its upward climbing. These surely must have known about every path which leads to the goal of human accomplishment. Knowing of them, I questioned, "Why do They follow the road along which They have been leading their disciples, instead of telling them about this shorter way, the air route, which it is now possible to travel and perhaps, take these students more swiftly to the goal?" The answer seemed to be that unquestionably They knew all about the ways of possible achievement; but that They, having attained, now entered the order of sacrifice and service, and elected to guide people up the same paths as their own.

There are many types of minds. Each individual is a special type, although he can be included in some group having similar general characteristics. The types who required the sort of tutelage that the Brotherhood would give were brought into contact with Them, and Their immediate disciple-teachers. These comprised a band of

egos who were following a specific line of development, guided by definite purpose as objective.

Study of their teachings reveals the fact that they contain much the same tenets as have been given out by later leaders. But because people were not quite ready for the present message of *self-reliance*, their consciousness did not grasp the full meaning of this aspect of the truth. It is there, hidden as gold is hidden, and revealed to those who diligently search.

Krishnamurti found it for himself. Straightway he began calling attention to the fact that he had found his goal, telling plainly how we are to search for our own. He believes that it is useless to encumber ourselves with excess baggage when aiming for the heights. He came in the age of air, of airplanes; he gives us airplane methods of attainment. And isn't there a possibility that the egos to whom he speaks have come into birth at this specific time because they are ripe for the airplane journey to the goal, because they have done the preliminary work, just as we have been doing until now?

It has been said that at the time of the Buddha's life on earth many souls took birth because they were ripe for liberation and that when the Buddha achieved He took with Him a vast number of humanity who were ripe for this advancement.

Knowing that Nature ever repeats herself in her evolutionary methods, we can understand that it is possible for this same condition to exist now. Perhaps many who have contacted the present teaching as to the less toilsome methods of attainment are now ready for the step which Krishnamurti says they can take if they will.

Divine Revelation

By Mary Morris Duane



NO MAN can define Life. The poets and mystics of old were too wise to attempt a definition. The mystery of life baffles the wisest mind but it can be defined in symbol and story, presenting pictures to the developing mind as a fairy story depicts to a child the unseen realities living behind the mask of appearances.

This is the main function of prophet or poet—to make by tale and poem the unseen real to man.

All the great mysteries of the Church are symbols of realities. In their observance man touches for a moment the great realities of the unseen world.

Now in this world of the realities is heard the Inner Voice speaking to the man's inner self. In listening to this voice the soul can distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the transient. What is important for the moment in earth life may, seen in the light of future lives, be but a speck of dust on the garment of the soul.

This is the need for listening in by the man to the true note of being, the tuning of his being to the rhythm of the stars; for all the Universe beats and moves to a great rhythmic law or melody. The soul which has caught this rhythm is one with the law of Life and its whole being moves in harmony.

Over and above the full orchestra of sound is heard the Great Conductor, the Inner Voice, swinging into

harmony the many instruments of Life.

Life is wonderful beyond the wildest dream of man and the mind that sees only the debris of the building or hears only discord is blind and deaf to the unfolding beauty of the finished creation in the fullness of its Godhead.

Beauty as seen by the greatest artist among men is a faint shadow of the beauty that shall appear in the finished work of the spiritual Life.

Man is moved to tears by beauty because as the great spirit Keats declared "Beauty is Truth; Truth is Beauty" and that is all we know and all we need to know. The last and greatest Beauty to be revealed to men in all its glory will be the beauty of Holiness without which no work of art can permanently endure; for it is the Truth seen as a whole and not in part, a rounded achievement, not a fragment of the whole.

This is the secret of all the beauty of the Universe: that it is at one with the One Creative Life from which all life proceeds, and with the Spirit of Truth.

The Inner Voice bears witness to this Truth. In the inner chamber where dwells the divine self, in the 'secret place of the Most High,' there in the beauty of holiness the Divine Life moves to its final perfection.

The germ of the perfected soul is here, however undeveloped. All of life must at first be buried and hidden if it is later to develop and grow.

What is true in the physical world is true in the spiritual world. All is one Law, one divine Truth throughout the Universe, which in the last analysis means one life throughout all.

In this buried germ of Life exist all the possibilities of the perfected Son of God, his future life with all its powers and future usefulness. It waits upon the quickening power of the Holy Spirit to bloom into the Kingdom of Heaven, the consciousness of Love and Truth.

The limited mind of man finds it impossible to grasp the abstract. "We cannot tell" says St. Paul "what we shall be; it doth not yet appear." All these inspired words have a meaning unseen by the majority of mankind, but are filled with wisdom to the initiated.

Open thine eyes and read in nature the book of nursery fairy tales, the mystery of universal life, for the Universe is one—that is the meaning of the word. All the simple natural phenomena are but the fairy tales, parables, or analogies running from world to world. In the nursery man may learn stories that are true in his fullest maturity.

Learn in the nursery of earth all the fairy tales. In each is hidden a truth which will be a guide in the

future world of men and affairs. The Inner Voice has tales to tell of future powers and glories. They may seem but fairy tales to earthly ears but they are the truths of Life to those who have ears to hear.

Life is one revelation after another of divine Truth for, as the soul develops, greater and greater becomes its capacity to receive Truth. A child of earth must be taught according to his growth and capacity.

The same is naturally true of the divine child within the heart of man. All Life or Truth on one plane of consciousness is a story or Truth on another, for there is unity in all the manifestations of Life on whatever plane of being we may stand.

One God, One Father of us all, one Law, one Truth exists in all states of consciousness. It is this that makes the Universe so stable and so trustworthy to all Life, be it high or low.

Immutable Law governs the star in its courses and the fall of the sparrow. Both are within the consciousness of the Divine Creative Life; both are a part of God's Consciousness.

The more consciousness a soul has, the nearer it is to the Divine Consciousness and the more Truth it is able to absorb. This is the law and the Truth.

Nature

We must recognize only Nature, the All; call it God if we will, but divest it of all anthropological conceptions. Nature we know; we are of it; we are in it. But this paternal providence above Nature—events are constantly knocking it down. Here is this vast congeries of vital force which we call Nature, regardless of time because it has all time, regardless of waste because it is the All, regardless of space because it is infinite, regardless of man because man is a part of it, regardless of life because it is the sum total of life, gaining what it spends, conserving what it destroys, always young, always old, reconciling all contradictions—the sum and synthesis of all power and qualities, infinite and incomprehensible.—*John Burroughs.*



RELIGION

Creeds change
 All outward forms
 Recast themselves.
 Sacred groves, temples, and churches
 Rise and rot and fall,
 Races and nations
 And the varied tongues of men
 Come and go and are
 Recorded, numbered,
 And forgotten in the repetition
 And the drift
 Of many ages.
 All outward circumstances
 May be different,
 But there lives no man—
 Nor ever lived one—
 Who, in the silence of his heart
 Feeling his need,
 Has not cried out,
 Shaping some prayer
 To the unchanging God.

—ANON.

★ ★ ★ THE SINGER OF THE SONG ETERNAL

By CHARLES L. SHERMAN

Like a world swinging into existence from
 eternity
 To disappear tomorrow in a past,
 So does Life dart from the soul
 To sing,
 For one brief moment,
 Leaving nothing but a change.
 A bird poised motionless on the wing.
 The eye of a worshiper transfixed with love,
 Smoke from incense rising upwards never
 wavering.
 The still pool in the depths of the forest,
 So does the song seem to come not from this
 world
 But from another where discord is unknown.

"THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS"

By GERTRUDE FARWELL

Out of Egypt have I called My son;
 Out of Matter's darkness have I called
 The Light of the World;
 Out of vast chaotic space have I called
 Order:
 The order of myriad suns whose singing
 rhythm
 Swings through the ether, dancing into light;
 The order of Myself revealed in Beauty.

I am that I am: the Eternal;
 The One Who is Consciousness ever.
 Into My Heart, My vast ocean
 Of Love flow the Many, as rivers
 Seeking their home in My Bosom;
 Out from My Heart go the Many,
 The radiant sons of My Energy.
 I am the Eternal within you;
 I am your True Self; the Beloved.

Out of Egypt have I called My son;
 Out of Matter's darkness have I called
 The Light that is
 And was and ever shall be;
 Through the vast chaos of thy heart, O Man,
 Shineth the glory of My uttered Word:
 Song! Song splits wide thy dark!
 Thy light is answering My outpost stars;
 Arise! I am Thyself: the Eternal One;
 My Light is thy Light: I am the Beloved.

★ ★ ★

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
 I shall not live in vain;
 If I can ease one life the aching,
 Or help to cool one pain,
 Or help one fainting robin
 Into his nest again,
 I shall not live in vain.

—EMILY DICKSON.

The Psychology of Fear

By Marie Russak Hotchener



MIND that affrights itself cannot be possessed of courageous wisdom.

It is very important to realize this because fear is the obstacle that closes up our pathways of expression; it destroys the true expression of the higher self.

At a recent interview with Krishnamurti he stated that all the cruelties, miseries, and sufferings in the world are the result of fear; and in the last analysis this supreme truth stands fully revealed. The whole of humanity is in the deadening grip of fear, and that is one reason why the reëducation of one's "habit-patterns" is so important.

In my article last month there were considered the relations to behavior of one's daily actions, emotions, and thoughts; and it was pointed out how some of the greatest psychologists were disclosing, through *scientific experiments*, the power that these habits have over the behavior. It is no less interesting to segregate some of the results of these experiments, and to note them in reference to the subtle emotion of fear.

Foremost among those who have made a special study of *fear* "habit-patterns" is Dr. David Mitchell, for many years Instructor of Psychology at the University of Pennsylvania and now Professor of Educational Psychology at the New York University. He carries on extensive psychological experiments in public and private schools in New York City. He is also a consulting psychologist to whom

large numbers of people go to have their fears analyzed because they need scientific assistance in solving troublesome behavioristic problems.

It is well for us to consider some of the results of this great scientist's long experience, for our fears, often unsuspected, are the real cause of many of our handicaps.

In a recent book, *Exploring Your Mind*, by Albert Edward Wiggam, there is printed an interview with Dr. Mitchell in which he explains some of the fascinating, profoundly interesting, and important details in his work of eliminating fears from the emotions through the aid of reëducative processes of the mind. It is accomplished by applying plain common sense to every-day life, just as Krishnamurti urges upon his hearers.

Dr. Mitchell believes that one can *educate oneself* to become free from fear: no one can do it *for* another, so he guides his patients to build up new and "fool-proof" habit-systems for themselves.

He begins at the beginning and shows scientific experiments and statistics that prove there are only two fears with which people are born: loud sounds and fear from falling for lack of natural support. Thousands of little babies and children used in his experiments bear witness to this fact. Hundreds of other ways were tried to frighten babies and children, all to no purpose. There *may* be other inherent fears, but the Doctor has not found them. The later fears he calls "learned"

or "associated" fears; and he devotes his life to teaching people how to *unlearn* them.

After pointing out this fact he says: "Later I am going to tell you a number of stories to show what a contagious thing fear is. It is more 'catching' than smallpox. And just as we never get smallpox except from others, from outside, so we never acquire fear except from others. And just as some people are somewhat more susceptible to smallpox, so some people learn fear more readily than others. There is always a beginning to every fear you have."

Dr. Mitchell says he has proved that fear is the supreme curse of the world and inhibits a major part of individual expression.

"The reason I say that so emphatically is that modern psychology, I think, has shown us that what we speak of as the 'mind' is just a great group of habit-systems or habit-responses. For instance, you have no mind except mental activity. It is mental action that makes mind—it is this that gives you a mind at all. A mind at rest is inconceivable. It is the action that makes the mind. If you could reduce yourself to a state of not thinking, for the time being you simply would not have any mind. The moment you get up steam again and begin thinking, then you do have a mind. As a matter of fact, you are always doing some thinking—you always have some mind. No danger of losing your mind completely, although if you get lazy and withdraw yourself from social and mental activity it may become a pretty useless member.

"You think of your imagination or reason or memory perhaps as some definite thing, maybe something you were

born with and which you have somewhat improved by experience. But in my way of looking at it, it was your experiences which absolutely created these things. They did not exist until you had experiences. Of course some people are born with capacities for developing a larger number of habit responses than others.

"Many people never do this nor develop large groups of habit systems. Instead they spend half their time and energy in a state of hesitation, deciding matters which ought to be habitual, decided by themselves. In short, for nearly everything that people do, they have to make practically a new habit-system, instead of developing a habit that will take care of the matter without any conscious attention. I know men who have to develop a new habit-system every morning in deciding whether to wear a red necktie or a blue one! And such a life can never be happy, healthy or efficient.

"These single unit habits develop into reason, imagination, and judgment. We have seen how the child learns to write. Well, he learns to speak in the same way. He tries to form the words he hears, does it at first laboriously and with mistakes, but finally the habit pathway becomes improved and smoother, and he does it automatically. He goes on and develops all behavior in the same way."

In tracing fears to their root, Dr. Mitchell finds that in most cases parents are to blame for the seeds of fears implanted in children. The parents hold up "bogies" of policemen, dark closets, whippings. They not only implant fears in the minds of their children but they talk freely of their own fears. They will tell children not to play in the pond because they fear they

will drown; to be careful not to get run over in the street; to "come in and not catch cold," etc., and probably confirm the fears they have implanted in their child's mind, by relating instances of terrible things that have happened to them or to other children. Parents actually make cowards of their children, and kill the courage and self-dependency of children. The doctor cites many apposite illustrations of this from among his patients, and the following is one of the most interesting:

"I recall the case of a fifteen-year-old boy whose parents would hardly allow him out of their sight. He was attending a private school as a day pupil. They would see that he got away from home in the morning just in time to reach school, and they would require him to be back in just as short a time as possible to cover the distance, and then he would have to sit around the house. At the school they made all sorts of special arrangements for the boy. They would not let him go into the swimming-pool lest he drown, and they sheltered him from all rough activities. The boy found out some of these arrangements, and of course that made him more afraid. Finally, this continual worry, the demand that he come right home, the fear that he would get hurt or drowned worked into his reactions, so that when the time came for him to make his own decisions he did not know what to do.

"By the time he was fifteen and ready to strike out for himself a bit he was almost a total loss. Although stronger physically than the average boy he was really a weakling because the great thing his parents had built in him was a lack of confidence in himself. His parents had already set him

on the highway to failure and nothing but a long process of reëducation could ever save him. 'What can I do safely, what can't I do safely,' had become his constant mental queries, creating a continual state of doubt, fear, and lack of confidence.

"Take any situation where there is the slightest conceivable danger, such as running an automobile, a thing which properly trained boys take hold of without thinking of danger. This boy, when he was first sent to me, would not dare try it. He was afraid that something might happen.

"I had to point out, of course, that things were always happening and we had to take some little chance in life—but that was not nearly so bad as failing to face life at all.

"My big job, however, has not been with the boy, but with the parents, reëducating them so as to take away the atmosphere of fear and worry from the boy. My big job is nearly always with the parents in these cases of fear. I have this set of parents pretty well in hand now, and they are doing the best they can to repair their folly. But it is a slow process, for they have had fear ingrained and drilled into them from their parents, who got it from their parents, doubtless, and so on back to when Adam and Eve told little Cain and Abel that they could hang their clothes on a hickory limb but they mustn't go near the water. I believe that this boy will come through all right, but it is going to be a hard pull.

"Just to illustrate further the damage that parents can do, I want to tell you the story of a woman who had that very common fear—the fear that she would find a burglar under her

bed, or some other place in the house, when she returned home at night.

"Of course this fear is most ridiculous. I suppose that not more than one person in ten thousand ever saw a burglar (and knew it) and yet you would think from the way these people act that at least three houses out of five were burglarized every night of the year. I have a number of such cases now, but the one I have just referred to is that of a woman of twenty-two. She was in such a hysterical condition when she came to me that one would have thought burglars were going to make a mass attack on her house every night.

"Now, I went back into that woman's history to try to find out where her fear all started. For there is always a beginning somewhere to every fear you have. I probed and probed but for a long time I could find nothing. She could not remember ever having been frightened by burglars or having seen a burglar.

"Finally I discovered that when she was a child her mother would double-lock the street door, then make the usual rounds looking under the beds and in closets, as though burglars made these places a frequent resort, and then finally lock the girl's bedroom door and look under the bed to make sure there was no burglar there. Of course, the child grew up with the idea that burglars were about as common as flies in the summer-time. And now here she was at twenty-two years of age, so paralyzed at night from the fear of burglars that she could not sleep or live a normal life, although she has never caught sight of a burglar in all these years. And all because of the mother's foolish attitude! It has taken

a long time to help her to master herself and her fears.

"I recall the case of a boy who was about nineteen when he came to me. For some time he had been out of a job. Since leaving high school he had had several jobs, but had quit each one. He gave very obvious reasons why he had left each job—sometimes that he wanted a change, or that he believed he would do better at some other kind of work, etc. But, I was not quite satisfied, and I finally found out that each time before he had quit a job there was looming up in his mind a picture of a situation ahead of him that he was not going to be able to handle. In short, he felt that soon he was not going to be able to make good. So he 'got out from under' and deceived even himself about his real reason for leaving.

"As I questioned him still further, it became clear that he would have been able to master most of these situations if he had not dodged them; but I found that too many demands beyond his capacity had been placed on him in school. At that time he had the habit of looking ahead with fear. This was a typical case, and one that was capable of being handled without undue difficulty.

"I think modern psychology has abundantly *proved* that practically everyone can do far more than he thinks he can do. The lack of confidence people have in themselves is astounding.

"Another boy, for example, liked to play games but the father made a coward of him by refusing to let him play football one day after he got an insignificant injury. He had to carry his arm in a sling for a day or so, and his father vetoed his playing in an

important match that was coming on. The boy had recovered, but the father had instilled into the son a terror of the game—that it was extremely dangerous and he might get killed and all that. Well, in order to find some excuse and make good with the other boys, he invented excuses, and soon at another big match he pretended to be sick and got out of going on the field.

"Now that *one* experience grew and stayed with him for years. Every time he had to meet something that called for decision and initiative, he got scared for fear he couldn't make good; and the fact that he had sneaked out of a big game made him try to sneak out of important engagements. He developed a habit of dodging and sneaking out of every difficulty he could. He had long ago forgotten the original occurrence when I saw him, and when he came to me to help him get over his big fears as a famous executive he hadn't an inkling that there was any connection between those football games and his present form of fear. He had no idea that to-day he was sneaking out of a meeting of managers and salesmen because he had that day sneaked out of a big football game.

"But as I talked with him and made him describe exactly how he felt when he was preparing for these meetings I made him see he was simply reliving that old experience. It was a big revelation. But when a sensible man like that sees clearly the cause of his mental difficulties, that alone is about the end of my job. He came to see me frequently for several months after that and showed constant improvement. He grew more calm and confident with each talk that we had until in about five months he felt entirely able to handle the situation by himself. Since

then he has apparently been going strong and having no more difficulty. He was an entirely new man when I saw him last and his old fears had disappeared or were rapidly fading. In time those people get to a point where they can not even imagine themselves afraid of the things and situations that formerly filled them with forebodings and terror."

Dr. Mitchell says that years ago, before methods of psychological analysis were developed, no one would believe that childhood fears would color one's whole life, but he and other psychologists have proved it in so many cases, and have such indisputable evidence, there can no longer be a shadow of doubt. His methods of approach to his patients are interesting:

"After getting a person to engage in easy conversation until we get a bit acquainted, I lay before him, as tactfully as possible, that there is no use whatsoever in his coming to me unless he is perfectly willing and ready to go the limit of frankness. I explain that I have no microscopes, chemicals, or X-rays by which I can analyze or probe his mind; consequently he simply has to 'lay all his cards on the table,' and the cards must all be there, where both of us can inspect them. I try to make him feel, 'Here is a person who understands. I can tell him everything.' I nearly always ask persons who are having chronic fears a crucial question with me, and it often reveals even to them astounding things. I ask them the question. 'What is there in your life you are ashamed of?' I assume that there is something, and it proves true in a majority of cases. Just go back for a moment to this big executive sneaking out of a football game—you see, it was something that he was always

ashamed to recall and which he tried to forget; and it is characteristic of the mind that it tends to forget painful experiences and remember pleasant ones.

"Of course I don't ask this question until I get their minds prepared. Oftentimes they will not answer. Then I put it this way, 'What are you most ashamed of?' Often again they don't say anything except that they don't know. And I come back with, 'Is there anything that you regret?' 'What was the last situation in which you were afraid?' 'When were you afraid last? What were you thinking about just then?' And I make them reconstruct as nearly as possible both their actions and thinking at that time.

"Then I follow this up by insisting that the next time they feel this fear or dread they must write out the story telling exactly what they had been doing and what they had been thinking just prior to or during the experience. I often have them write out a dozen such stories, indeed sometimes thirty or forty, describing different situations when they have felt this fear. And then, as I go over the stories, I pick up a little suggestion here and a little suggestion there, and in this way I can usually piece together a connected story which reveals to me a great deal. You see, I get in this way the scattered elements of the situation and gradually reconstruct their mental attitude. And it takes a long time with some of these people, with others not so long. They have had so many, many fears, doubts, and so much feeling of failure implanted in them from the cradle up that they can not imagine themselves any other way. Most people simply cannot imagine a life without fear, and yet it is possible for everybody.

"I don't believe in what is popularly called 'will.' Most people imagine that 'will power' is some mysterious mental pep or jazz or dynamo that they can summon by some supreme effort out of the nebulous nowhere which adds something to their own strength or powers. I do not accept that view. I believe it does not represent our best psychology. It belongs to what we might call the theological period of psychology.

"Will, in my belief, is a system of habits. You can greatly strengthen your self-control, your mastery of your powers, but you do it, not by some supreme inner effort of 'concentration,' but by exercising a *long series of choices* of the right action instead of the wrong action. In other words you build up habit-systems by right choices in the direction in which you wish to grow, and these habit-systems are your most powerful aids when moments of hesitation come—when there is a choice between acting in one way or in some other way. By acting in the right way these habit-systems grow so strong that nothing else can get in their way. They literally head off any thoughts of doing any other way except the right and desirable way. And when you have these habit-systems strongly developed and ingrained you have what you may call, if you like the term, a strong will. But you can not get a strong will in a minute. You must constantly fix your attention on the desirable thing and let nothing switch your attention off that thing. In this way your will, or rather your desirable habit-systems as I prefer to call them, becomes so strong that, in time, without hesitation you express the whole force of your personality in the desirable direction. That to me is a strong will.

"For instance, in getting rid of fear habits, you can not do it by some sudden and supreme effort of what is commonly called 'will power.' That only centers your attention upon it and makes it worse. To say with violent effort and determination, 'I just will not be afraid,' is not a particle better than saying, 'I just will worry,' or, 'I just will be afraid.' You might as well say, 'I am determined to worry,' as to say, 'I am determined not to worry.' You have centered your attention on the worry or fear, just as much by one form of statement as the other. You see, instead of overcoming your fear and worry by setting up a new train of action of thinking, you are by this method merely magnifying them all the time. In short, there is no use trying to break down a habit of fear by going directly at it. It would be just as much use to say to the ocean waves, 'Do not roll,' as to say to yourself 'Do not fear.' The whole thing in getting rid of fear and in building up character and growing into self-mastery is to build new habit-systems, which make fear impossible."

Dr. Mitchell divides his patients into three classes according to their natural tendencies:

"First, those people, who, when they find they can't do a thing, develop an antagonistic attitude toward other people. They get the notion that the reason they have failed is not their own inability, but the fault of somebody else; they are being put upon, not given a fair chance, somebody has it in for them, and all that. Now this was exactly the case with a certain young man. He thought the magazines and editors had it in for him and would not accept his material even if it had high merit, as he insisted it had. He

would not admit it was his fault and that he had no talent. But that is going to be my job with him—convincing him that he must recognize his limitations in that direction, just as I had to recognize that I could never become a soloist. It does not bother me to recognize that I am not so able a man as Theodore Roosevelt was. I must recognize that I have enough intelligence and character to do some job well, find what that is and do it; and to my mind, that ought to, indeed it must, satisfy a man. But these people will not admit their limitations; they try impossible stunts, are always in trouble, feel fear, and meet failure, and never do one-half of the things they could.

"Second, is that group of people who, when they find they can't do a thing, say to themselves, candidly, 'Well, I have bit off more than I can chew. I have done my best, let's call it a day's work and quit.' They promptly forget all about it, go off in a healthy-minded attitude, and tackle something new where they have a better chance to succeed. I never have any trouble with these people. They are the salt of the earth.

"Third, are those people who, when they find they can't do a thing, develop all sorts of substitute reasons why they can't. They will not admit they cannot do it. Oh, no, that is not the reason; it is because they are not well, or have some physical ailment or something. The ailments and excuses they develop are legion. They have pains in their arms, for which the physicians can not find any cause; they develop 'heart-failure,' fake headaches, digestive troubles and all that. Of course in some cases it goes to the point of using crutches, developing

what is known as 'hysteria paralysis' and all that. Such advanced cases fall into other hands than mine.

"Such people need encouragement, of course. Very often, just talking the situation out with me gives them a new view of it. I first try to show them that there are two things in this world we must recognize: First, there are things we can change; and second, there are things we cannot change. Now you cannot change the fact that you will grow old, but you can change the way you look at it.

"Fear is often one of the chief factors in bringing on stammering. Of course some children and some families set up stammering more readily than others. But all can overcome it. I have not had a case now for seven or eight years past. I did a lot of work on stammering ten or twelve years ago, but there are now two or three specialists in New York and others elsewhere who do that work; also, the public schools have speech-defect classes under trained teachers, so I seldom take such persons any more.

"Nearly all children stammer at some time and if at that time they get frightened or are ridiculed, it may easily become a permanent habit. I started to tell a story one time and began stuttering and a woman who was visiting said firmly, 'Now, son you begin that story over again and tell it straight,' and I have never stuttered since. Had she ridiculed me at that moment I might easily have developed great speech difficulty.

"I have great hopes that we are going to revamp our whole system of education some day, and that very soon, and with it revamp our ideas as to what makes an educated man or woman. Any one who is afraid, fear-

ful of failure and that he will not make good, is not in any true sense an educated person. Soon we shall educate children to have a clear idea of the actual conditions of life that each one of them is going to face, without exaggeration either way, and we shall show them clearly the ample powers they all have by which they can surely and safely face them.

"We shall do away with the inspirational bunk which insists that any one can do the impossible. Instead of setting tasks which are possible only to extraordinary men under *extraordinary* circumstances, we shall teach each person what is possible to him under *ordinary* circumstances. And I know, from long experience, that people are happy, contented and unafraid with that, however humble their proper job may be. This does not mean that we shall not give plenty of inspirational encouragement. We all need that. But it means we shall base our inspiration on facts and not on fancy, on what each person can do, instead of on what most of us can not do.

"We shall begin first with the parents and show them that when they talk fear and lack of confidence in the home, when they dominate, threaten, frighten and ridicule a child, they are wounding his mind and heart, marking him with the brand of fear and failure for life. We shall next take the school and the teachers and show them the folly of setting tasks for children at which over one-half are bound to fail. Finally, we shall take the child, find out each one's potentialities, and train these to their highest efficiency. By this method we shall give every man full confidence that he has ample abilities to meet all the world's actual problems, trials and difficulties. And

this sort of education will place every man in the job he can do best and he will find that that job is the job, likewise, that he likes best.

"When we educate people in that way—and we can begin right now, we shall banish fear from the world, and personal failure will be unknown."

Summing up, Doctor Mitchell finds the following proportion of fears among normal people:

Fear of failure.....	75 %
Fear of the dark.....	16 %
Fear of thunder and lightning.....	16 %
Fear of animals.....	13 %
Fear of water and drowning.....	12 %
Fear of falling from high places.....	4 %

In addition, Doctor Mitchell finds a great many normal people have the following chronic fears:

Being alone, taking an anesthetic, traveling on trains, fast driving, crossing a bridge, insanity, old age, injuring others when driving, death, the dead, excessive heat, poverty, getting lost, fire, points or sharp edges, being kidnapped, big eyes, mouth, or teeth, ghosts, the opposite sex, burglars, punishment and its instruments, firearms, being buried alive, disease and germs, being locked in, loss of friends or relatives, dark holes, bad luck—the number 13, disappointment, mediocrity,

skeletons, a cellar, very narrow or wide-open spaces, the sight of blood, the dentist, becoming a drug addict, an oft-repeated dream, an eclipse, an insane person, machinery, the end of the world, a locomotive.

Among the creatures which many normal people say they are "deadly afraid" of are:

Rats, mice, snakes, dogs, cats, wild animals, bulls, horses, bugs, beetles, caterpillars, spiders, pigs, toads, cows.

* * *

It is startling to read the detailed reports of these cases of Dr. Mitchell's and many other psychologists', and there is not space in these pages to describe others; but I hope that the earnest seeker for the knowledge of emotional control, and the development of his intelligence, will get the additional reports and ponder them well.

In doing so he will probably be amazed to see revealed the power that his petty emotional habit-patterns exert over his proper behavior; self-analysis and self-discipline are almost sure to follow such a revelation.

More than all, he will be better able to realize what Krishnamurti means when he emphasizes the necessity for the *elimination of fear*, so that one may express the culture and poise that disclose a proper balance between the emotions and the mind.

Morality

Morality must ever be changing to keep pace with life; for life is ever changing and you cannot bind life as you bind morality. Morality must change century after century to keep pace with ever-changing, ever-forceful life. You cannot bind the sea, but you can a river, and make it flow where you will. Whereas the sea is boundless, the river can be held by a dam for the purpose of man; so likewise morality is the river and life is the sea.—*Krishnamurti.*

Dissolution of the Order of the Star

*A Statement by J. Krishnamurti**



WE ARE going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain.

You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, "What did that man pick up?" "He picked up a piece of Truth," said the devil. "That is a very bad business for you, then," said his friend. "Oh, not at all," the devil replied, "I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be im-

posed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steep, unafraid of the dangerous precipices. You must climb towards the Truth, it cannot be "stepped down" or organized for you. Interest in ideas is mainly sustained by organizations, but organizations only awaken interest from without. Interest, which is not born out of love of Truth for its own sake, but aroused by an organization, is of no value. The organization becomes a framework into which its members can conveniently fit. They no longer strive after Truth or the mountain-top, but rather carve for themselves a convenient niche in which they put themselves or let the organization place them and consider that the organization will thereby lead them to Truth.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind,

* This pronouncement was issued at Ommen, Holland, August, 1929.

please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel; these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision.

This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, *and I mean this*. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing; to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-

men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality.

Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: "What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you." If there are only five people who will listen, who will *live*, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection — on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for

that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole, not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal, I desire those, who seek to understand me, to be free, not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears — from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want any thing from anyone.

You are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers — a miracle — transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but be-

cause I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view.

For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World-Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free — and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different—not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different?

As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World-Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World-Teacher — partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many com-

plications, how many trivial things Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old — all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying.

This understanding is necessary because belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods — new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old — all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few.

So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it

absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world — members of the Order — have been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

So why have an organization?

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom. And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern. "How many

members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

So why have an organization?

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

So why have an organization?

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning

and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship — which you do not seem to know — there will be real coöperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So those are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone—I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

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Denizens of the Forest

WALTER A. DYER



THE sense of kinship with the so-called lower animals, which I have come to feel more and more distinctly as the years pass over my head, is two-fold. My dog, my cow, and my chickens are like members of my own family, definitely a part of my life and singularly close to me. The same would be true of a horse and a cat, if I were fortunate enough to possess a horse and a cat at the present moment. Affection and understanding increase through long association with the domestic animals until it requires no great effort of the imagination to believe that the blood of a common ancestor runs in our veins. In fact, so familiar has this relationship become that I find myself taking it for granted and seldom think much about it.

When it comes to the wild creatures of the field and wood, however, I experience a different, more poignant feeling. I do not know these wild animals as well as I wish I did, and this very unfamiliarity lends to my occasional contacts with them a dramatic element of novelty. They capture my imagination more seductively, and my sense of kinship with them in all their hidden, furtive comings and goings descends upon me as a pleasant discovery, a surprise.

Come out with me one of these fine mornings and let us see what we can learn about life. The clouds are soft in the heavens and a gentle breeze whispers among the pines.

The dew is still on the grass in shady places, the drops glistening like jewels. All is silent save the cawing of distant crows and an indefinable twittering and buzzing and rustling all about.

A grassy woods road lures us beneath forest arches and we open our eyes and prick up our ears. We find ourselves becoming observers of nature, and our reward will be living things seen and heard.

Has it ever occurred to you that you are, under these fascinating conditions, less the observer than the observed? There is a basis for the childish legend that in the woods there are eyes peering out at you from every tree-top and thicket. The eerie sense of being watched in the woods is not without a foundation in reality.

Not fairies or elves are observing your movements, perhaps, but living creatures like yourself—creatures with life patterns, with keen senses, with the capacity to feel joy and fear and pain. In yonder glade a ruffed grouse stands in statuesque rigidity, his bright eyes watching your every motion. There is a cotton-tail rabbit on the other side of that log, but you do not see him. The squirrels are less reticent; they set up a startled chatter from the branches as we approach. But wise Mr. Toad sits and blinks as our feet brush the grass a few inches from his nose.

In that laurel thicket a wood thrush sits motionless; he will not sing until we are well out of sight.

A little striped adder slides noiselessly beneath the dead leaves. Invisible tree-frogs cling to the bark of saplings that we pass and little eyes glitter from the hole in the old oak.

They will see you in any case. How much you can see of them is the measure of your success as an observer of nature. You are never alone in the woods.

Self-interest, if no higher motive, has taught us to treat our domestic animals with more or less consideration, and as a rule they do not fear us, but the canny little denizens of the wild are always on the alert against peril. They live dangerously and have reason to look upon man as their natural enemy. Consequently they remain watchfully in hiding, exercising their many arts to remain unobserved, and it is easy to pass through the woods and see scarcely a sign of life.

But the life is there, and if we sit down quietly and wait, with or without a camera, it will in time appear. Quietness on our part begets confidence on the part of the animals, and curiosity will do the rest. One of the most successful naturalists that I know, who once made a study of the wild life of the South American jungle, told me that he employed but one method in his bloodless hunting—to find a quiet, comfortable spot in the woods and to sit down and wait. That was the sum total of his technique, and he was able to observe what hours of laborious tramping would never have disclosed to him.

I find that this method has a curious reaction upon myself. Waiting thus quietly, I find myself becoming one with nature. I am no longer an outsider, an intruder, an enemy in this forest world. I am among my own kindred, still strange to me, perhaps, but no longer hostile. In the hush of the woods I draw somehow nearer to nature and to nature's God.

It is all very well for hunters to assert that they love the killing less than the hours in the open with nature. The gun proclaims the fact that their preoccupation is still the hunt, and I doubt if they can ever feel the same intimate relation with nature that comes to the man or woman who sets forth unarmed and friendly and waits patiently for the little folk of the forest to come forth.

I have no desire to preach to the hunters. I am not responsible for their standards, and possibly they are right. But so far as I am concerned the animals are safe. This sense of kinship which I have gained makes all killing seem to me like fratricide, all torture of the innocents a heinous crime.

I fear I shall never come to know the wood-chuck and the skunk as I know my dog or my cat; their ways still remain alien to me; but when I walk abroad I am conscious of that sense of kinship with them, and the consciousness is, I think, good for me. To feel oneself a part of the common life of this planet is to experience a dim awareness of the divine.



Art and Spiritual Unfoldment

By James H. Cousins, D.Lit.



THE law of life, the fulfilment of which is the joy of life, is the progressive unfoldment of the inner powers of our nature. The impulse to that unfoldment is inescapable; it is inherent in the constitution of the universe. So also is our complex instrument of unfoldment, and the conditions of its work. To understand and accept these facts is to master the technique of life.

The human instrument for the expression of the cosmic impulse and purpose consists of a set of capacities which may, by exercise in life, be turned into powers. An ancient oriental scripture, speaking an eternal, therefore modern and demonstrable truth, says that the cosmic impulse, moving outwards through the intuition, the intellect and the emotions, returns as fulfilled emotion or desirelessness, fulfilled thought or discrimination, and fulfilled intuition or illumination. This is the fulfilment of life, the unfoldment of the true ego, which has operated through a physical instrument animated by the universal energy, and has operated under universal law.

The impulse to unfoldment comes through the creative, intuitive centre of our nature. It throws its own quality into the thinking and feeling aspects of its instrument, and these carry that quality into external action. There is intuitive thought, intuitive feeling, intuitive doing; an instantaneousness of true response to impacts, which marks the highly unfolded individual. But

the test of all expression at any level is the measure of its creative power, its proportion of constructive integration over and above such disintegration as may be necessary in the process.

Life, therefore, is preëminently an art; an unfolding, through tangible forms, of intangible qualities; qualities at higher levels than the forms; forms that are truly forms, not amorphous exhalations or suits of armor, but integrated unities of constructive expression. The law of life is unfoldment. A life of true unfoldment is a life of law.

All unfoldment is spiritual; a liberating of higher and finer achievement. Physical unfoldment does not remain at the level of size or weight. A big man is not necessarily a strong man. Physical power is not an attribute of physical substance. It is the creation of unsubstantial energy through the defining and intensifying medium of substance. The act of the hand is at a higher level of life than the hand itself. A royal hand will disintegrate to no different ultimate matter than a plebeian hand, but its act may have altered the course of a continent's history. Activity which remains at its own level is futile or worse. That is why creative physical activity, which is not guided by creative thought that asserts a purpose beyond the act, and which is not purified by emotional activity that claims relationships on levels higher than the instruments of the act, leads to enslavement, to frustration of the ascensive movement of true crea-

tive life, and to curative miseries of heart, brain and body when life calls for salvation by surgery.

It is a familiar fact of experience that concentrated attention on one quality leads to some diffusion of that quality to other phases of life than that in which it is sought specially to be developed. The mastery of the art of life, of progressive unfoldment, can be expedited by attention to those modes of expression which are called the arts;

for in them are involved, with special intensity and purity, the qualities of true spiritual unfoldment,—creation, integration, ascension. Life must find release in creation. The higher the point of release, the less urgently will it operate at lower levels, and the nearer will it approach pure spiritual creation and its accompanying joy. All true creation, such as that of the arts, is also the highest form of recreation.

What Others Are Saying

The world has come to acknowledge that it is sick. In many places it has taken a step forward. It has reached a fair amount of unanimity about the cause of its disease. Probably the chief thing that is wrong is selfishness We are all out to seek our lives, and we have begun to realize that it was a true prophecy which said, "Whosoever seeketh his life shall lose it."—*The Times of India*.

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DIVORCE TRIAL ADDICTS.

One of the most discouraging sights for a believer in the nobility of man and the high purposes of God is to see men and women, mostly church members, too, leaning forward in a court room to catch the last crumb of dirt from the witness stand. There is no reason why such trials should not be held in private. If the people are not wise enough to elect judges honest enough to safeguard the public interest in chambers surrounded by attorneys and necessary witnesses, then democracy is a failure, and we may as well quit.—*Emporia Gazette*.

★ ★ ★

PRIVATE SCHOOLS DECRIED BY TURKISH DEMOCRATS

Angora, Turkey—It is the belief of the super-democrats of the new Turkey that all private schools of a secondary nature promote social distinctions and are not in accord

with the principles of democracy. They have started a movement to have all private schools in the republic turned over to the state.

In a true democracy, the leaders of this movement argue, private schools should not exist, as they are symbolic of social distinctions. All secondary schools must be run by the state, they conclude, in order that social inequality may be avoided and also in order that uniformity, "the essence of the republic," may be obtained.

The American colleges in Turkey would not be affected if such a movement were carried out, as the one hundred per cent state control is projected only for primary and secondary schools.

★ ★ ★

RODEO PROTESTS

If only a thousand ministers instead of one in states where the rodeo is popular would put such a protest into their bulletins as did the Rev. Kenneth J. Husby, of Hoquiam, Washington, the doom of that kind of so-called sport would soon be sealed. Here is what his congregation read one Sunday morning a few weeks ago:

"A word about the Rodeo. One of the greatest curses that the good people of a city must face is the possibility of the Wild West vulgar, unlawful Rodeo show. An effort is being made by the State Humane office and the State and County Parent-Teacher Association to block such a show. Let every citizen stand out against such a disgraceful performance. Use your influence to discourage such a movement."—*From a Church Bulletin*.

A Daily Thought for October

Gleaned from the Writings of Krishnamurti

October the First:

Wherefore the struggle in loneliness of great division, for in Life there is neither you nor I.

—*The Star Magazine, July 1929,*

October the Second:

It is my purpose to lead you into your own hearts, if you would follow me, so that there you will meet with my Well-Beloved and there enter on the path of peace where there is certainty, where there is no shadow of doubt.

—*The Pool of Wisdom, p. 67*

October the Third:

It has been given me . . . to be able, as an individual, to attain a certain altitude where I perceive life differently from the ordinary human being, where life which possesses most people does not possess me, where life is understood in its simplicity and in its purity.

—*The Pool of Wisdom, p. 68*

October the Fourth:

Each must discover his own way of attainment. There is no other truth or other god but that goal which each one has established for himself, which cannot be destroyed by the breath of man or the passing whim of any god.

—*Life In Freedom, p. 21*

October the Fifth:

A mind that is simple will understand perfection because it is a part of perfection itself.

—*Life In Freedom, p. 23*

October the Sixth:

In order to be happy need we have religions? In order to love need we build temples? In order to fulfill the self need we worship a personal God? You must give to the suffering world, not beliefs, creeds, dogmas, but new understanding which comes from intelligent coöperation with Nature, through observation of all the events of daily life.

—*Life In Freedom, p. 36*

October the Seventh:

You go to temples or to churches or to other places of worship and there you imagine that you are purified. But does that purification stand the test of daily life?

—*Life In Freedom, p. 37*

October the Eighth:

As every human being is divine, so every individual in the world should be his own master, his own absolute ruler and guide. But if he would guide himself intelligently, he must be able to judge all things with an open mind, and not reject what he does not understand because he is prejudiced.

—*Life In Freedom, p. 34*

October the Ninth:

Truth is the power within you which urges you on to attainment. It is the consummation of all intelligence. It is Absolute. There is no god except the man who has purified himself and so has attained to Truth.

—*Life In Freedom, p. 35*

October the Tenth:

You need have no beliefs in order to live nobly. And yet you say, "I must perform rites, I must go to shrines, I must follow this and do that." It is an eternal *must*. That way of living is not living at all.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 62

October the Eleventh:

What matters is that you should understand Truth, because you are suffering, because you are longing to find the Truth which I have found, because you are caught in the wheel of life and death, and desire to be free from its limitation.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 69

October the Twelfth:

What is the ultimate goal for the emotions? It is affectionate detachment. To be able to love and yet not be attached to any one or anything is the absolute perfection of emotion.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 23

October the Thirteenth:

I would change your heart and mind in the shadow of eternity. When you change and build on the love of life and its understanding, what you build will be everlasting.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 94

October the Fourteenth:

You want me to create your expressions, to lay down disciplines for you to follow; you want me, who am the Life you want me to deal with the transitory instead of the eternal.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 94

October the Fifteenth:

Because I am in love with that life which is in every one, I would free that life; but you do not want that, you want the passing love, the fleeting comfort and the balm that shall heal your momentary pain.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 95

October the Sixteenth:

Because One greater than all these is with you, I hold it dear and precious that you should understand in the fullness of your heart and mind, and so create the light which shall be your guide, which is not the light of another but your own.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 95

October the Seventeenth:

Yea, I have sought my Beloved, And discovered Him seated in my heart.

My Beloved beholds through mine eyes,

For now my Beloved and I are one.

—*The Eternal Friend*, p. 61

October the Eighteenth:

If you bear me, who am the end of all search, in your heart, then there will be no separation.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 89

October the Nineteenth:

. . . Let there be a burning desire within you to reach the mountain-top, to become the Beloved, to become the Truth itself.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 89

October the Twentieth:

I am singing the song of Life.

In that song,

O friend,

There is neither you nor I

But Life which is the Beloved of all.

—*The Star Magazine*, July 1929,

October the Twenty-first:

I often feel that we are not sufficiently joyous within ourselves. We are burdened by so many things in life—by our families, by our friends, by our worries, and by our passing thoughts. When once you have unlocked the gate that leads to the Kingdom of Happiness, then all those little things fade away.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 35

October the Twenty-second:

I would make all of you drink at my fountain, I would make all of you breathe that scented air, so that you can yourselves become creators, geniuses, who make the world happy.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 28

October the Twenty-third:

You have so little, I have so much. You need, I have more than sufficient. Why not exchange? Why not look at the world through the eyes of reality? Why not feel the suffering of the world through the heart that is Eternal?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 29

October the Twenty-fourth:

... I belong to all people, to all who really love, to all who are suffering. And if you would walk, you must walk with me. If you would understand, you must look through my mind.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 23

October the Twenty-fifth:

What have you, with your phrases, with your labels, with your books, achieved? How many people have you made happy, not in the passing things, but in the ways of the Eternal?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 19

October the Twenty-sixth:

I would ask you: Are you going to make Him bend to your temperament, make Him believe all the things that you believe? Are you going to persuade Him that your path is the best path? Because if you are going to do that, you will find that you have lost the glory, that you have lost the precious jewel, that the sun has set for you, nor will there be another sunrise.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 23

October the Twenty-seventh:

Every one of you is frightened, because you dare not come out of your little path, your little window, and walk with Him. You want Him to walk with you, with your little ideas, your idiosyncrasies and your particular fancies.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 23

October the Twenty-eighth:

Possessing such precious ointment that shall still the many pains, the other night I lay awake thinking in what manner I could bring that Happiness to others, in what manner could I convince them that there is only one Temple, one Church, one Light-bringer, one Truth.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 25

October the Twenty-ninth:

Contentment without understanding is like a pool covered with green scum, which does not reflect the bare eye of heaven. It is very easy to be ignorantly discontented, but to be discontented and to revolt intelligently is a divine gift.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 39

October the Thirtieth:

The first demand upon those who would seek the understanding of true happiness, is that they should have the burning longing to be free from all things, to gain that freedom which comes when you are beyond the need for further experience because you have passed through all experience.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 38

October the Thirty-first:

You give me phrases and cover my Truth with your words. I do not want you to break with all you believe. I do not want you to deny your temperaments. I do not want you to do things that you do not feel to be right. But, are any among you happy? Have you, any of you, tasted Eternity?

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 21

1930 Star Camp

By Louis Zalk

The Ojai Camp in 1930 will be open to the public and the fees are set at a level within the reach of even modest purses.

To more completely insure the freedom of the Camp, those who desire to come need not register or live at the Camp grounds to attend meetings and lectures. This last departure removes every suggestion of favoritism. All who will may come and listen — the right to enter the shrine of truth is to be without any suggestion of price.

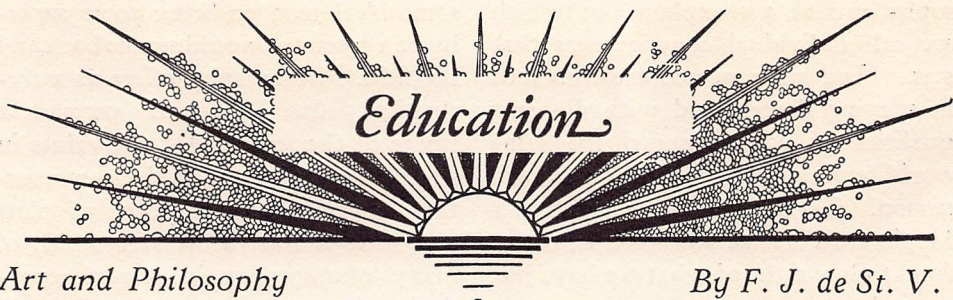
This development is altogether in harmony with the basic reason for holding Camps at all. As ever, the white light works to dispel even the appearance of shadow. After all, if the Camp at Ojai is an altar of truth, no other course is possible.

Of a surety all will rejoice that there is to be no bar whatsoever against Camp attendance.

Those whose hearts and minds have been opened, even in a small measure, to the vision of Truth, are in the very nature of that vision anxious to share it with others. In the nameless light of that experience, that which is selfish and exclusive reveals its own blindness and pathetic limitation. When the heart is thrilled by a taste of the indescribable Eternal, it longs that all others should drink of it and rejoice within the same radiance.

A great experiment is being made in setting the fees for the ten-day Camp period at one-half the sum established for the eight-day first Camp. The management is certain to be in a delightful and even exhilarating state of financial insecurity—but what of it! We rejoice that we did not settle into that condition where everything is safe and where, alas, unconscious deterioration generally sets in.

Again we are, as it were, on the open road. We greatly receive and greatly must we give. We shall not doubt that if we are not financially secure under the new plan, we will attract, even in greater measure than in the past, numerous heroic souls—the true knights of the Silver Star, who need no badge or label, who are dedicated to Truth, and whose hearts laugh and rejoice as they gather together to serve in this great enterprise of the spirit.



Art and Philosophy

*By F. J. de St. V.
Schwankovsky*



O ONE can understand and appreciate Art to the full who is not something of a Philosopher.

Let us see why.

We will imagine that there are three pairs of eyes looking at an old, sagging, discolored barn, set in a field of flowering weeds.

One pair of eyes belongs to a cow. The second pair of eyes belongs to the farmer who owns the field, the barn, and the cow. The third pair of eyes belongs to an artist who has come out to sketch. Do the barn and the field look alike to the cow, the farmer and the artist?

We may assume that the eyes of all three spectators are equally good. Then the images on the retinae of all the eyes are alike except for the slight difference in positions. Nevertheless, does the scene look alike to all three? We do not know what the world looks like to an animal. It has not our sort of consciousness.

If it perceives the flowering weeds it must be in terms of things to eat and lie down on. It must be conscious of the old barn as a place it sometimes is led into and cannot escape from until permitted.

The difference between what the animal sees and what the men see is greater than the difference between what the farmer sees and the artist sees.

However, there is a great difference in what the two men see. The farmer sees that the barn is old, sagging and discolored, and it displeases him. The weeds are a reproach and an eyesore to him. The flowers on them mean millions of weed seeds, and thousands of new weeds. He gets displeasure from what he sees.

The artist sees no financial loss to displease him, and his education in the power to appreciate and enjoy beauty enables him to derive keen pleasure from the picturesque lines of age and character in the barn. The discolorations are harmonious and interesting elements in a possible design, the flowering weeds are full of inimitable beauty of life, form and color which nature only can produce. The artist is made glad by the old barn and the weeds, and he makes a sketch of the scene which reveals the beauty that he sees.

It is a curious fact that the farmer, unable to see the beauty at first hand, will in all probability find the artist's sketch "pretty." Thus the artist is an interpreter of Nature, and brings the farmer a knowledge of values in his property which he alone could not discover. The artist is, then, to some extent a seer.

The big lesson for us today, however, is that eyes merely register an image. It is that mysterious something which neither science nor philo-

sophy can as yet explain but which we call individual consciousness that sees. And since people are conscious in varying degrees and with different qualities of consciousness, the same world looks somewhat different to each person. To demand of an artist that he picture a tree as you see it is, therefore, to lose sight of what we have just proved.

Thus, you see, you must look at pictures, as well as at life, with some philosophy or you will be intolerant and somewhat blind, no matter how good your eyes are.

Art, as you study it, expands the consciousness and you will see ever more color, more form, more life, and more values. Bye and bye you will see the world quite differently than you once saw it.

Which man, farmer or artist, saw the barn and field as they really are? Neither. Both saw relatively.

Humanity as yet knows nothing about reality, nor do we know how

some ideal man or better some super-human spectator would see the barn and the field. Photography offers us a mechanical, flat, one-eyed permanent image of the scene. But the values in the photograph vary with lense aperture, exposure and the type of plate and none is able to discover which of many photographs is nearest reproducing the scene as our superman would see it.

Thus we are helpless to discover how anything in the world *really* looks. You cannot be sure that others see it as you do. You can only be sure how you, yourself, see it. And you, yourself, will see the same thing differently at different times.

These considerations kept in mind will enable you to approach a picture in the proper state to appreciate and enjoy the good in it. Without philosophy one looks at another man's creation as the man who looked for the first time at a giraffe. Looking directly at the animal he said—"There ain't no such animal."

"Do Not Obey"

By A. Zuber

We are frequently admonished that obedience is simply submission to authority, and therefore useless. Stumbling through this apparent bolshevistic idea brought the following to light.

We usually obey because we are compelled by some one whom we presume to be greater, more powerful, stronger than ourselves. This immediately implies dominance and dominance breeds fear. Fear is not reasoning nor willing; it is retrogression, by which nothing is accomplished.

If we obey because we *know* from within or have the feeling or intuition that it is right so to act, it is quite another matter. In truth that is not obeying at all but doing the thing voluntarily. It is not submitting to authority although we might be falling in line with a presumed authority. It is acting on our own initiative, on our own ability to reason, on our own solution of the problem in hand. Doing what we know to be right is neither obeying nor following authority. It is truly a very different approach to a mountain top.

The Dream Waits

By Mae Van Norman Long



REAMS knock then
wait outside the gate
among the violets and lavender,
by the hedge of primroses
along the wall.

For the sleepers are not ready

In an upper chamber of the old house a child awakes:

"O Mother, may I go through the narrow little gate at the foot of the garden, and gather the flowers that grow on the other side?"

"Yes, dear"

Like a quick sunbeam the little boy flashes down the garden path. He reaches the prim, narrow gate, and passes through. With eager fingers he gathers the fresh, sweet primroses, the tender violets and the clean and fragrant lavender, blooming in the free air outside the wall.

The Dream touches him.

Startled, trembling, mute with ecstasy he stands, his eyes wide. . . .

Night spreads her wide, dark wings over the garden. The stars are sing-

ing together in the purple choir-loft above. The moon is a choir-master in silver vestments. Quiet, and dew, beneath the dark, dark wings in the garden.

The Mother is putting her little boy to bed.

"Mother— isn't it funny?—this morning, out by the primrose hedge— just for a *minute*—*I thought I loved everybody in the world!*"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you suppose I ever *shall*?"

The Dream waits outside the gate by the hedge of primroses O sleepers, awaken. . . .

The Mother turns to the window. Her lips are wistful.

The little boy repeats his question.

"Do you suppose I ever *shall*? Could we ever—Mother—you and I?" -----

The dream stirs. . . . O you half-awake, know I AM HERE.

Softly it enters the chamber—softly it enwraps the Mother. Startled, trembling, flushed with ecstasy, she stands, her eyes wide.

"Yes, my child."

Mark how fortune brings endless misfortune by the miseries of winning it, guarding it, and losing it. Men's thoughts cling altogether to their riches, so that they have not a moment to free themselves from the sorrows of life. Thus they who are possessed by desire suffer much and enjoy little, as the ox that drags a cart gets but a morsel of grass.—*Santi-deva*.

Books and Bookmen

The Three Heroes of Finland

By HILDA WOOD



HERE is a pervading mysticism in the seven stories from the Finnish contained in the book, *The Three Heroes of Finland*, by Hilda Wood. They are the outcome of a long tour throughout Finland made by the author, and are based upon the traditional tales sung for hundreds of years by the minstrels of Finland, collected by the famous poet, Lönnrot, and used in his immortal *Kalevala*.

The stories are fascinating, there is an appeal to young and old alike, and the illustrations admirably depict life in the "Land of a Thousand Lakes." The author says, "Five of the pictures are copied from the paintings of the famous artist Gallen, and are included to give some idea of Finnish art; the rest are original drawings by the author."

The drawings are strong, and deftly executed—the picture of "The Weeping Boat" looks as though a Viking might have limned it. This is also true of "On the Way," a drawing of the "weeping boat" in action, rowed by a hundred youths, on its journey to the misty land of Pohja. A sketch of "The Lakes and Islands" is in decided contrast to the pictures of the boat. While it is strong and cleverly handled, it has a delightful delicacy and vagueness. "The Witch on the Mast," after Gallen, is as imaginative as any ever conceived by Rackham.

Mrs. Wood is to be congratulated on her illustrations. Her eagles, cranes, hawks, wild horses, elk, "big and little fish," suggest movement and life. In all her work there is splendid vitality. One could wish the illustrations full page, or twice the size, at least.

The author says in her preface to the book:

"The stories are held by many people to contain a great amount of mystical teaching, every personage and event applying to the attributes and experiences of the human soul. The author has not attempted to elucidate these matters, and would refer those who are interested in them to the writings of various mystics. There is much magic in the stories,

for Finland has been conspicuous among European lands in this respect ever since its people arrived long ago from Asia."

It is true that the mythology of Finland has ever held lure for those who in their reading delight to wander in realms of the fantastic and elusive. I remember several years ago being tremendously elated on receiving a photograph of the poet, Lönnrot—presented to me by a Finnish editor who assured me that Longfellow's *Hiawatha* was reminiscent of the *Kalevala*. It is a long while since I read *Hiawatha*, and I am only slightly acquainted with the *Kalevala*, but no doubt the Finnish editor was correct. Longfellow's penchant for the mythology of Norway and Finland was generally known. His *Saga of King Olaf* is a stirring reminder of this:

"And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord."

When I opened *The Three Heroes of Finland* I was instantly attracted by the picture, "The Weeping Boat." Accordingly I read first "The Journey to the Misty Northland," the story which it accompanies. The story begins as follows:

"Long, long ago, in Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, also called Kalevala, there lived a hero named Vainamoinen, and he was the best singer and the wisest man in the whole country."

Vainamoinen had a friend named Ilmarinen, a maker of marvelous things. His power over iron was so great that he could forge anything out of it. People said that he must have been present at the beginning of the world when the heavens were raised from the earth, and the air was formed. . . .

The singer Vainamoinen, with his friend the forger of iron, sets out for Pohja to find a magic corn mill, called the Sampo, which could grind out anything its owner desired.

Ilmarinen, the smith, forged a sword for Vainamoinen and a coat of mail for himself, and harnessing their beautiful golden-maned horse to a sledge, they were soon well on their way to Pohja. . . . The story continues:

"Suddenly as they were passing the edge of a lake, they heard sounds of weeping. Vainamoinen stopped and said:

"That sounds like the crying of a girl in trouble. Let us go near to see if help is wanted'."

Filled with incident are these stories from the Finnish. They should appeal especially to the lad of twelve or fourteen who has a taste for adventure, blended with an aptitude for study. We can place our own interpretation on these tales, read into them whatever meaning we desire, for they are truly symbolic, and should lead the careful reader to delve with relish into the works of various Finnish mystics.

I can heartily recommend *The Three Heroes of Finland*, and sincerely hope that the author will continue to favor us with books of a similar nature, for the characters are of such impetus that they attach themselves to our thought-world; the action is swiftly-moving; and the local color is convincing.

I closed the book experiencing a feeling of kinship with Ilmarinen and Vainamoinen, and

the virile heroes of Hilda Wood's romance. To read the tales is to get a whiff of the north wind, to glimpse the long blue rollers of the lakes, to revel in the cold damp of the fog, the tang of the pines on jutting headlands. They are bracing stories, keen with blowing weather, nipping with frost, vibrant with action. And they are stories the adult reader will enjoy, for they have an appeal to the adventurous spirit that is quiescent in most of us.

So, grown-up, read *The Three Heroes of Finland* aloud to your boy and girl beside the hearth-fire, and listen for the comments on "The Journey to the Misty Northland," and "The Capture of the Magic Corn Mill." They will be forthcoming, with hurrahs for Leminkainen, who prayed his father's prayer, "From the plots of evil men, the thoughts of aged women, and the curse of all, protect me!" There may be tears, toward the middle of the book, for Aino, the Lapland maiden. But life is a thing of smiles, tears and hurrahs. And when the last page is turned there will be rejoicing over "The Recovery of the Sun and Moon."

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